

Schoolgirl Blackmail

by Pandora Box

Rita's glare intensified as a slow, arrogant smile spread over Fergus' face. She couldn't believe that the little dweeb had actually gotten the better of her for once.

She knew that getting a tattoo was a bad move - the strict private college's rules were clear. Even voicing the idea that she was thinking about getting inked would have been enough to get her expelled, but one rebellious night, she'd told herself that it was her life to live, and gotten a butterfly on the inside of her thigh - somewhere that even the dorm's Residence Hall Directors would never, ever see.

If it were anything else, she'd just be able to claim that Fergus was lying, or somehow distract them, but she knew that all he had to do was drop a hint of an idea, and the staff would insist that she prove him wrong.

He had her exactly where he wanted her.

"It's simple," Fergus said. "If you don't want the college to find out about it, you have to show me your tits."

"What!?! But...that's against the rules!"

"I've never seen any before," the eighteen-year old replied, and before Rita could splutteringly object, he gestured at her leg.

Rita had no idea how he'd even caught a glimpse of her tattoo in the first place, but his request seemed to suggest that he had more than a neighborly interest in her. She shuddered at the idea of him jerking off at the sight of her tits...but he had left her with no choice.

There was a long pause, as Rita considered whether being expelled was better or worse than her creepy dorm neighbor seeing her topless. Finally, through gritted teeth, she tersely gave a single-word response.

"Fine."

"Once a day," he nonchalantly added. "For the next two weeks."

"Fine!" Rita responded, and pulled her shirt up.

Better to get this over with. The first time, she knew, would be the worst. Reaching around to undo her bra, she hoped that he'd get bored of them quickly.

By the smirk on his face as her bra dropped and her nipples came into view, she didn't think it was likely.

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"What!?" Rita said angrily, her lips pursed and one foot stomping the ground. "But we had a deal!"

"I'm sorry," Fergus replied calmly, "but the deal was once a day for two weeks. No more, no less."

It had just hit ten - like clockwork, the sound of snoring had emerged from his roommate's bed, and just as she had for the past fourteen nights, Rita had sneaked over to flash Fergus.

Tonight, however, he'd reminded her that the two weeks were up. No matter how much she'd begged or pleaded, his trademark stubbornness had remained in place, and he'd refused to let her show him his tits again.

"Come on..." Rita said desperately. "Let's talk about this..."

"I'll tell you what..." Fergus replied, deliberately slowly. "Show me your pussy as well, and I'll let you flash me."

Rita instinctively recoiled, and Fergus looked worried for a second before his smirk returned, and he looked directly between her legs.

Glad she was wearing jeans; Rita tried another tack.

“How about homework? Let me keep on showing you my tits, and I’ll do your homework for the next week...the next month!”

“I’m sorry,” Fergus said, turning back to his computer. “I made an offer. Show me your pussy, and I’ll let you show me your tits. Actually, just so that it’s definitely worth it, your ass as well.”

“But...” Rita replied, feeling sick at the idea, “...but I’d pretty much be naked!”

“Perfect,” Fergus said, taking her statement as an agreement. “Once a night, but naked, instead of just topless. Starting tonight, of course.”

Rita bit her lip nervously...she’d had a few boyfriends before, but none of them had actually seen her naked body before. Ignoring the ick-factor of being naked in front of her fully clothed neighbor - in his dorm room, with his roommate sleeping right next door - she felt extremely self-conscious.

But compared to not being allowed to flash Fergus any more...

Almost immediately, she started peeling off the tight sweater she’d worn in. *It’s not that much worse than being topless, after all*, she told herself, and after removing her bra, she slowly unbuttoned her jeans, and lowered them as well.

As Fergus watched expectantly, she hooked her fingers into the elastic of her panties, and reluctantly dragged them down her legs, showing off her neatly trimmed pussy.

The broad smile on Fergus’s face showed that he was enjoying the view. She shuffled nervously on the spot, as he leaned in close, staring at her pussy, not even noticing the breasts that she was proudly thrusting forward.

Before too long, he dismissed her. Rita had a fairly good idea of what he was going to do immediately after she left.

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“I don’t want to wait until you leave,” Fergus announced. “I want to jerk off in front of you.”

“No!” Rita shrieked, so loudly that she was worried she was going to wake up Fergus’s sleeping roommate. “Oh my god, no! Of course not.”

“That’s my offer,” he shrugged. “You can take it or leave it.”

“I’ll leave it,” Rita wanted to answer. “You sicko.”

But she didn’t.

Instead, she bit her lip thoughtfully.

She’d been pulling off her clothes for Fergus’s lustful for the past week, and she didn’t want to give it up. The way his eyes ran up and down her form, lingering on her slowly-moistening pussy, her perfect round ass.

She couldn’t give that up.

She just couldn’t.

“Fine,” she spat, wrinkling her nose up in disgust. “You can jerk off while you look at me. But I’m...I’m not going to look. I don’t want to see that.”

“You have to watch,” he replied firmly, staring her in the eyes. “I want you to look at me, the same way I look at. You.”

“No!” she responded, before she could stop herself. *That was going too far*. Just the idea of Fergus’s gross dick being out in her presence was bad enough...there was no way she was going to *look* at it.

“Well then, I’m just going to go to sleep. Good night, Rita.”

Fergus turned away, and as Rita considered the possibility of leaving without him even getting a peek of her pussy, she reconsidered.

That night, she'd gone into his room as usual, to stand in front of him and slowly strip. She loved the way that he stared at her, his heavy breathing as she removed her panties, the erotic thrill of knowing that her body was being admired...to suddenly cut her off from the highlight of her day was...well, it was just plain cruel.

Part of her considered going back to her dorm, unadmired.

A lump appeared in her throat. No, she...she didn't want to do that.

She couldn't.

"Fine!" she said, surprising herself with the intensity of her reply.

Fergus turned back to her, an arrogant smile on his face.

"Fine?"

"Fine," she repeated.

"Fine what?"

"Fine...please?"

"No," Fergus said patiently. "What are you asking?"

"I'm asking you to look at me," she pleaded. "Please, Fergus. I need your eyes on my body."

She felt so pathetic, but she couldn't help it. It was true.

But he didn't say anything, just continued staring at her, and Rita realized what he wanted.

"...and I want you to jerk off in front of me."

"Say please," he replied smugly, and Rita sighed.

"Please, Fergus," she said. "Please, will you jerk off for me?"

"Fine," he echoed lightly, and pulled out his cock. Rita wanted to look away, but she knew she couldn't. That wasn't the deal.

Instead, a thrill passed through her body as she began to strip.

"Would it really be so bad?"

"Of course!"

Rita couldn't even believe that he'd ask. It was against all the rules, for Christ's sake. Other than the fact that she came into his dorm room each night, and stripped for his viewing pleasure, there was absolutely nothing weird about their relationship...where did he get the idea that it was okay to ask her to...to...to do THAT!

"Well then," he said. "I guess we're done."

Her throat suddenly closed with panic, and it wasn't until he'd turned back to his computer and started typing that she found her voice again.

"What? You...you can't do that."

"Sure I can," he said, not even turning back to face her. "It's my room."

"Yeah, but...that's not fair! Please, Fergus. I need to see your cock again. I *need* it."

Her voice got high with desperation, but she didn't care.

For a full week now, she'd been watching Fergus jerk off. The sight of her naked body would get him hard, and then...god.

It was the sexiest thing she'd ever seen.

The way his hand slowly moved up and down his huge cock. The glimmer of pre-cum that appeared at the end of his dick.

The knowledge that it was for her. All of it was because of her. His hardness, his big, beautiful hard cock...

It was all hers.

But when he'd asked her to touch it, she'd been flabbergasted.

She couldn't touch his cock! That would be completely inappropriate.

No, she just came into his room each night to strip for him, to let him gaze upon her body. To feel his lustful eyes running across her skin, as he slowly stroked his cock, building up to that wonderful moment where he came, his pearl-white semen pumping out of the end of his dick and splashing onto his hand...

God, it was perfect.

She couldn't give that up. She couldn't.

But at the same time, she couldn't be the one to jerk him off.

What a pervert. What a sick, foul, disgusting human being. What a horrible request... looking at each other, that was fine. Even with his roommate sleeping right there. But jerking him off? That was crossing a line that she knew she could never cross.

"Never!" she'd said, and there had been a long pause before he'd asked her if it would really be so bad. Now, as she stared at his pajama pants, cruelly covering the cock Rita was completely obsessed with watching, she was asking herself the same thing.

"It's my body," she feebly protested. "If I decide I want to show you my body, it's my right. You can't just refuse it."

"G'night, Rita..." he said, and she'd sighed and agreed.

His arrogant smirk was back as he turned around and undid his pants. He didn't even have the decency to stand up, and after disrobing, Rita got down on her knees in front of him.

"Let me know when you're going to cum, you little twerp," she said, making sure to aim away from her body.

"Oh come on," he replied. "If you're going to jerk me off, you at least have to let me cum on your body. If you're not careful, I might not be in the mood tomorrow night either..."

Rita gagged at the idea of feeling his hot, sticky cum landing on her body, but she knew that he was holding all the cards. A part of her wished that she hadn't spent so much time convincing him to let her strip for him in the first place, but now that she'd started, she knew that she'd do anything to avoid giving it up.

"Seriously?" she asked, looking up at him, trying to use her big eyes to her advantage, to make him realize just how wrong what he was asking her to do was.

In return, she just got a smirk, and so with a sigh she reached out, wrapped her hand around his stiff prick, and started to jerk him off.

"You'd better have a towel handy..." she muttered, wishing she didn't get quite so much pride at the hungry look that came into his eyes as he stared at her naked body kneeling before him.

That first night he aimed for her tits, but ended up hitting her face as well.

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The pause stretched out for an unbearably long time, the two students locked in a death-stare.

Fergus's ever-present smirk was on his face, as Rita stood before him, completely naked and close to crying with frustration.

Fergus had just told her that he was thinking of dating a girl at school, and wanted to "save himself up" for her. The prospect of going even a single night without being doused in his cum

scared Rita so much that she'd responded without thinking, threatening to never let him see her tits again.

Even Rita knew that she'd gone too far with that one, and the pair were sitting in silence as they each waited for the other to break.

Finally, Rita asked a question, trying to hide the quiver in her voice.

"What do you even need a girlfriend for? I already come into your room each night and get you off - are...are you after someone prettier?"

Fergus's expression softened, and he looked down at her with love in his eyes.

"Rita," he said, "there's no one prettier than you. Look at yourself!"

Staring down at her naked body, Rita had to admit that he had a point. Her body was undeniably gorgeous...after all, if it inspired a stud like Fergus to get off on her each and every night, she had to have something going for her.

The towel that Rita had brought in with her the second night sat in the corner, forgotten. Rubbing her Fergus' cum into her skin had become Rita's favourite part of her visits - no matter where he came - front, back, face, pussy, ass, tits...she treated it like an expensive moisturiser and never returned to her own room without as much of her skin glistening and sticky as possible.

The threat of having such a gift snatched away from her had caused Rita's outburst. She knelt down in front of him, put her head on his lap.

"C'mon..." she said, "why do you need a girlfriend? You've got me, right here, happy to get you off whenever you like..."

"Hmmm," he said, the gentleness of his tone gone. "Look, Rita..."

"Yes?" she replied, in her most seductive tone.

"If you want me to keep cumming on you each night, you'll have to make it worth my while."

He slapped her hand away as she tried to lower his sweatpants, and she pouted in response.

"Fine," she muttered. "What do you want? Money?"

The offer seemed to appeal to Fergus, but he quickly shook his head, his grin widening.

"Head."

Sitting naked on the floor, Fergus' hand lightly stroking up and down her back, Rita would have said that nothing could shock her, but her mouth fell open and her eyes widened as she looked up at him in response.

"Is that a yes?" he joked, and she stood up.

"What the hell is wrong with you!?" she asked. "Why...why would you even...oh, god! I can't believe you'd want me to put my mouth on, on...on your THING! I will never, never let you do that to me..."

Adrenaline pumped through Rita's body, and a flush spread across her exposed skin. Fergus just sat back and looked at her, one eyebrow raised, and it suddenly occurred to her what she was risking.

The end of her nightly cum-showers. She'd lose her favourite sensation in the world, the feel of his cock in her hands...

She gulped as she realized how angry she'd suddenly gotten.

"Well...maybe once." she mumbled.

Fergus's grin returned as Rita dropped back down to her knees.

"Good girl," he said, stroking her hair as she took his cock in her mouth. "And don't forget to swallow it all down..."

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“Absolutely not. No way, no. I am *not* letting you fuck me. Not now, not ever, no matter what. You...you know that’s wrong.”

“Look,” Fergus patiently replied, “I’ve got a lot of women who want to fuck me...”

Kneeling before him, dressed in the lingerie he’d picked out for her, Rita couldn’t help but nod. He was the most attractive male in the whole school, if not the state - she knew that the only reason she’d had exclusive access to him for this long was because of her accessibility, her enthusiasm for blowing him, and her perfect double-D breasts.

“...the only reason I don’t is because you’re right across the hall, but if you can’t match what they’re offering, you can’t blame me for going elsewhere! Either you fuck me - and it had better be good - or I’m going to have to start returning girls’ phone calls, and let them know that the Fergus train is ready to board.”

A furrow appeared on Rita’s brow as she continued fellating Fergus. Sex with Fergus - she could have been expelled just for showing him her tits!

It went against everything she knew was right. But at the same time, her stomach was already beginning to growl, so eager was it for Fergus’s sweet, rich, full cum. She didn’t know what she’d do if he cut her off...he did, after all, have an exclusive supply.

Putting her mouth into the O-shape that she knew he liked so much, and letting him rapidly fuck her face, Rita hoped that her submission and compliance might distract him, at least for long enough to cum in her hungry mouth.

He quickly worked out what she was doing, however, and pulled out. Sitting back, desperately wishing that his cock was in her mouth once more, Rita realized he had her exactly where he wanted.

He had total power over her.

Suddenly nervous, Rita looked at him more seriously than she had all night, and spoke in her soft, earnest voice.

“You don’t really want to do this, do you? With me?”

“Of course I do. I’ve wanted to plough your hot little cunt since we met.”

A grimace came over Rita’s face at the image of Fergus laying on top of her, his thick cock pumping in and out of her. What if she got pregnant? What if someone caught them?

What if she liked it?

There was a long silence, as Rita mentally ran through every worst-case scenario that she could think of. Getting caught, getting pregnant, getting off...hating every second of it, hating herself, loving every second of it...being expelled, being socially ostracized, being disowned by her parents...

No matter how hard she tried, however, Rita couldn’t imagine a situation worse than never getting to suck Fergus off again.

Finally, after almost ten minutes of deep thought, Rita’s shoulders slumped, as she resigned herself to the fact that he had won. He had the supply, she had the demand...he could do whatever he wanted to her, and all he had to do in return was let her suck his perfect cock.

“Fine,” she sighed, and slowly began removing her panties. Fergus didn’t say a word - he just smiled in triumph as he moved his glistening cock to her entrance, and slowly thrust forward.

Rita gasped with pleasure at the feeling of her fellow student’s cock slowly entering him. Despite how familiar she’d become with his size - feeling it in her hand, taking it in her mouth, worshipping it with her tongue, swallowing down the delicious seed that she’d become

completely hooked on...

Despite how well she'd grown to know Fergus's wonderful cock, it still impressed her with its girth. She wriggled her ass as he entered her - she felt like she couldn't breathe, like he was splitting her in two.

She loved it. She loved it and hated it all at once.

And even before her first orgasm hit, she knew for a fact...she'd never be able to give it up.

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"Oh god, yes!" Rita said. "Oh wow, yes...that would be sooo hot."

"Really?" Fergus asked, taken aback. He didn't even particularly want to fuck Rita's ass - he was more than happy to keep on cumming inside her wet and willing pussy each and every night...he'd just wanted to see how she'd react.

Enthusiastically, it turned out.

"Fuck yes! Oh Fergus...can we try it right now? I'm getting juicy just thinking about it. Promise me this though - you'll make sure to use my pussy to get your cock nice and wet first, okay?"

###

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh yes!"

Not for the first time, Fergus was realizing that mid-coitus wasn't a good time to have a conversation. As soon as she entered the room, however, Rita insisted that they fuck as quickly as possible. She learned that if she got him off fast enough, he'd be able to cum in both her holes before insisting on going to bed.

"So...you'll start wearing miniskirts to school?"

"Oh, fuck yes! Fuck! Yes! Oh, Fergus, that's such a hot idea!"

"And you'll shave?"

"Yes! Yesss! I want you to...oh god yes, keep going...I want you to be able to look at my pussy and see that I'm keeping it so bare...for you! Oh, Fergus, yes! All for you!"

"How about a new tattoo?"

"God yes, what a sexy idea! Every time I see it, I'll know that I belong to you, that I'm your personal sex slave! I'll know that you own me, that you've marked me as your own personal property..."

"What about seducing your friends?"

"God yes, what a sexy idea! I...mmm, yes! Fuck me, Fergus! I think Tammy's at least a little bit bi. Do you want to watch me fuck her? Do you want to watch your hot slut fuck another woman for you?"

"What about Professor Davis?"

"You want me to fuck Professor Davis? Oh Fergus, you get me so wet! What a sexy idea!"

"And Headmaster Laurens?"

"Yes, of course! I'll help you capture her! I'll help you make the Headmaster your sexy little sex-slave! She'll join me in her role as servant to your cock, all day every day!"

"What if I said I wanted to knock you up?"

"Oh, Fergus, yes! I want to have a million of your babies! Can you imagine it, me, Rita, full of your seed? Everyone will know that some stud has had his dick in me...but no one will know that you're my stud. Oh god, Fergus, I want to have your babies! At school, everyone will be...staring...at the...knocked up...slut...in a mini-skirt!" Rita's words trailed off, making little sense in her cum-soaked haze.

The image painted by her words, combined with the contractions of Rita's ass as she came caused Fergus to unload into his her tight behind. She collapsed, and as she lay in a blissful delirium, sprawled and naked on his bed, Fergus pulled out, and moved over to his desk.

Day 68, he wrote. Once subject crosses a certain boundary, absolutely nothing seems to be off-limits. Program more effective than anticipated...will have to transfer enthusiasm to another male as phase two commences: testing program on a much older female.

Headmaster Laurens might be a good candidate for experimentation...